A PREHISTORIC RACE.

strange Discoveries Made by an Explore on the Pacific Coast. A strange and apparently important discovery of old graves, copper and stone weapons and implements, and monoliths, was lately made in Santa Maria and Cuiama valleys, in the Coast mountains. Thus far the discovery has attracted the keenest interest, though as yet it is known only locally.

The graves are in mounds which rise five or six feet above the surface of the ground, and the mounds themselves are often seventy-five or one hundred feet in length and of almost round or oblong shape. It is believed there are thirty or forty graves in each mound. A. D. Bowen, of the state senate, told the details as far as known.

The discovery was made by Juan Olivos, of Santa Maria, who dug into the mounds, which have been known to exist for a long time. At a depth of ten feet, when he dug into the grave, the first thing his pick struck was a polished slab of a slightly greater length than that of an ordinary coffin of an adult of the present age. When he gazed underneath he looked into a long box of stone that had nothing in it but dust. The body had laid so long that even the bones had disappeared and there was nothing but ashes. The grave was older than any he had heard of on the Pacific coast. The slab was of a peculiarly hard and polished stone the like of which does not exist in the country. It was thin, however, having been worked down till it was not more than half an inch thick.

Olivos worked away and got out other stones. The top, bottom, sides and ends were all of the same curious hard and thin stone, and had been set in the earth and held by the soil without grooves or other fastening. He explored further and found numerous battle-axes and other weapons of copper, and vessels peculiarly made and of stone. Curious copper disks resembling coins were also found. There were many in the grave, and the investigator pushed his way still farther into the mound. There he found many other copper implements, some being axes and others rude knives, while some were quite long and looked as though they had been used as spears.

The mounds are scattered along for a couple of miles, and there are probably a hundred of them.

Knowing there were similar mounds in Cuiama valley adjoining he pushed on to them, and, digging in them, found coffins, dust, and implements of stone and copper similar to those of Santa Maria. Everywhere were the marks of far antedating any hitherto known on the coast. He gathered up some of the dust and kept it with the copper and stone weapons he had secured. Some of the weapons are now in the town of Santa Maria, where they are attracting | brilliant soldiers, personal enemies, and

great attention. An expedition is being talked of to go to the ancient mounds and thoroughly explore them. Mr. Bowen also teils that high above the stage road between Los Olivos and Santa Barbara, near the graves, are some natural monolits or rocks with smooth surfaces, on which are carved many strange characters, looking much like characters used by the Egyptians in designating their tombs.-San Francisco Chronicle.

MEXICAN BLOOD.

The Inhabitants of Our Sister Republic

People of the United States have some very queer ideas of our sister republic of Mexico. They think of the Mexicans as Spaniards who have received a dash of Indian blood. Now, the fact is that Mexico is not a Spanish, but an Indian nation. The pure blooded Indians constitute more than one-half the population of Mexico. The remainder are chiefly Indians with a dash of Spanish blood. There are very few pure blood Spaniards in Mexico, and these are hated with a hearty good will by the Indians and hybrids, who refer to them as 'guachupins,' which appears to be Mexican for snobs. Contrary to popular opinion in this country, there is very little admixture with the negro race in Mexico. The Mexicans have no particular objection to intermarrying with the negroes, but there are very few of the latter in the country. At Vera Cruz and other coast towns there has been some admixture with the coolies, brought from the Manilla islands. The lower Mexican states are almost exclusively Indian, and millions of them can not speak Spanish at all. Many of them are highly civilized and very wealthy. Politically it is a great advantage to be a pure-blooded Indian. Benito Juarez, at one time law partner of President Diaz, and regarded as the Washington of Mexico, was a full-blood Oaxaca Indian. There are about six million Indians in Mexico still classed as savage. They are not savage in the sense that the Sioux are, but they add nothing to the wealth of the country. It is the policy of the Diaz government as outlined in the last annual report of M. Romero, minister de hacienda, to civilize these Indians and make of them valuable citizens, thereby more than doubling the wealth-producing force of the republic. Mexico is far behind the central and South American states. Agriculture, the arts and commerce, are carried on, for the most part, much as they were in Egypt five thousand years ago. It is one country the Jews avoid Those sharp traders stand no show in Mexico. However backward they may be in other respects, the Mexicans can beat even the Americans at their own game. The average Jew trader would starve to death in Mexico. The Americans are the only people there who think of paying the price demanded for anything, and they are regarded as legitimate game and preyed upon un- two guns and two ammunition wagons, mercifully. The Mexican women, es-pecially the pure-blood Indians, are parallel. Then they rallied, and re-They did not shake his resolution in usually chaste. They sometimes become mistresses, but prostitution, as practiced in other countries, is practically unknown among the Mexican Indiana.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

-Before the Court - Dora - "Mr. Jimpson, the young lawyer, made a motion as if he intended to hug me, before he had ever made love to me." Cora-"That was lawyer-like, making a motion before the court."-Yankee



CHAPTER XII !- CONTINUED. "You are not going to take Acre." "I don't like to contradict the man who has just saved my life, but I should

be sorry for you to cherish an illusion. We shall as certainly take Acre as we took El Arish, and Garza, and Jaffa. Bonsparte has said so, and he has never yet failed in any enterprise to which he has put his hand. He says that though he should be left with only four grenadiers and a corporal he will come in; and if he comes in you may be sure that he will stay." "If he does! We shall see."

"And now- Ah, I thought so. I have something more to tell you. You were speaking just now of Mile. Carmine. she is Carmine no longer."

"You don't mean-?" "Your departure nearly broke her neart; so, to console herself, she married her sergeant - Victor, isn't his name? And he has since got his grade."

"Poor Julie! I am very glad." "You don't look so." "Looks are deceptive sometimes, M. Chef de Bataillon. Yes, I am glad to think Julia is happily married. She is is a dear, good girl."

"Ma foi, M. Roy, it seems to me that all women with whom you find favor are good." "Naturally. Have you anything else

to tell me?" "Only that I advise you to give heed to my warning and get out of Acre be-

fore Bonaparte gets in." "Of course I shall-unless I remain here all my life-for he never will get

in, except as a prisoner." Lacluse said no more: but his look of pained surprise—as if I had spoken rank blasphemy-was more eloquent than words. For my remark implied that I thought it within the bounds of possibility for Bonaparte to be beaten and a French army to capitulate.

But we were soon on good terms again. I took Lacluse to my quarters, and a few days later got him exchanged for an English major of marines who was of much more use to us than a French chef de bataillon. I did not concern myself much about Bonaparte's jealousy. It was incredible. As Lacluse was no longer about the general's person, he must have heard the story at second hand, and second-hand stories are generally first-class lies.

I thought a good deal more about Julie Carmine. I was of course, delighted to know that she was marriedas I hoped happily-but I should have been all the better pleased if she had not forgotten me quite so soon.

CHAPTER XIII.

As the siege went on it took more and more the character of a fight for the tower, a duel between Bonaparte and Phelippeaux; and, the two men being the representatives of opposing principles, it was an exciting contest. Bonaparte was energy incarnate. The thought that a tumble-town Syrian town and a medieval tower were keeping him and his army at bay, and might thwart the most daring and romantic scheme of conquest which he had ever conceived, made him wild with rage. He would take Acre; he stormed and railed against Acre. One assault was no sooner repulsed than he ordered another. If he had been able to create fresh battalions with a stamp of his foot, he could not have sacrificed his soldiers more lavishly. Kleber called

But The foe, invulnerable still. Foiled his wild rage by steady skill.

Phelippeaux, cool, cautious, vigilant and intrepid, and loyally supported by the commodore and the pasha, never allowed himself to be taken at advantage, and met every one of his adversary's moves by some fresh expe-As fast as the breach was widened he had the rent built up with sand-bags and balks of timber, in such fashion as to render the wall stronger than before; and time after time storming parties descended into the ditch

only to be driven back with heavy loss. When our spies reported that the French engineers were making a mine with which they hoped to blow up both tower and ditch, Phelippeaux began to countermine; but, as the enemy had the start of him by several days, it was



HE RECOGNIZED ME AT ONCE.

well to retard the operation by withdrawing the props as to verify the direction of the mine.

The sortie was made in three columns, one composed almost exclusively the least, and I am still what I was of English seamen and marines, among when we landed in Egypt, a mere chaft whom were as many of my own fellows as could be spared from the duties of him and tell how you saved my life and

the ship. We sallied forth shortly before dawn. The enemy, though not altogether unprepared, did not expect to be assailed by so large a force, and at the first onset we carried all before us, captured turned to the charge, and the guns the least. And now, my friend, there were retaken and again taken several is only one thing for it. You must es-

the mouth of the mine, of which, after a desperate struggle, we obtained temporary possession. Several of us, led by Maj. Oldfield, a brave officer of ma-rines, forced our way into the gallery. Oldfield was shot dead by a miner, whom I cut down the next moment with my sword.

with my sword.

After unshipping as many props as shot by order of Gen. Bonaparts."

Meanwhile, the French, heavily reinorced, had resumed the offensive and forced our fellows back, and as we emerged from the mine we were all

The main body, now hopelessly outnumbered, gave up the contest and re-

The slaughter had been frightful: the parallels and ditches were filled with the dead. When all was over the prisoners were

paraded before Gen. Bonaparte's 'tent. He recognized me at once. "So we have you again, M. Roy?" he said, mockingly. "We have you again, and there are no foolish women to help you to escape. You both deceived and insulted me, M. Roy; and, what is worse, you did not act like a man of honor. You agreed to accept a com-

by breaking your parole." "It is not true, Gen. Bonaparte." "What? You dare give me the lie?" "I dare speak the truth; and you know that I did not accept your offer of a commission. Neither did I break my parole. I gave my parole not to escape en route to Boulogne. Ask La-

"Lacluse is an idiot. If his record



him tried by court-martial for letting you escape. Do you know that I propose to treat you as a deserter, M. "From what ship did I desert, gen-

"You went over to the enemy." "Your enemy, but my friends. You said just now that I broke my parole. In that case I did not desert. I could of war and an officer in your navy. And | side." I warn you that if you do treat me as a

eral?"

deserter there will be reprisals." "Reprisals! Talk to me of reprisals. when your Turkish allies decapitate my wounded and parade their heads as trophies! It is rather for us to talk of

"I am not a Turk, and we do all we can-"

"Silence! I decline to bandy words with one who has disgraced the noble profession of arms. Take him away, sergeant. Keep him apart from the other prisoners; and be sure you don't let him escape."

On this I was marched off to a tent between two soldiers with fixed bayonets, one of whom stood on guard without, while the other (a corporal) sat with me inside. By way of keeping up my spirits, I was told that if I made any attempt to leave the tent I should be promptly shot or bayoneted at the discretion of my custodians.

At first my inside guardian was by no means amiable. I could not get a word out of him. The air was heavy and the tent very warm, and he evidently did not like the job. But after awhile he him a "general of ten thousand men a unbent, and so far forgot his role as to answer a question, and eventually he became almost confidential. Like every soldier in the army, he was heartily sick of Egypt and the east and

dying to get back to Paris. Towards evening I had a visit from Lacluse. I was glad to see him, for without help I saw little chance of es-His first proceeding was to order my

guardian out of the tent. "Very good, mon chef," said the "You will be answerable." man. "I will be answerable. Go and

poral. I will take care of the prison-"It has come sooner than I expected. mon ami," said Lacluse, when the cor-

stretch your legs for half an hour, cor-

poral was gone. "What has come?" "The chance of reciprocating the service you rendered me the other day. mean to save your life-if I can." "Save my life! You surely don't

mean that Bonaparte was serious when

he threatened to treat me as a desert-

"So serious that he has ordered you to be shot to-morrow morning." "But he dare not. It would be a vi olation of all the usages of civilized

warfare." "Dare! He will dare anything when his temper is up. What is a single life to a man like him? What are a thousand? How many lives have been sac rificed in this insane expedition? We are beginning to doubt, now, whether Acre will be taken, after all. And if not, what is to become of the army? How are we to get back to France? These are the questions we are continually asking each other. But Bonaparte dominates us all so completely that we keep our doubts to ourselves and go on pouring out our blood for him like water."

"You are bitter, Lacluse." "I have reason to be. Did he not de grade me from my rank for a trivial fault, a mere error of judgment? My services entitle me to a colonelcy at when we landed in Egypt, a mere chef de bataillon. And now, when I go to the lives of several of our soldiers the other day, and ask that you may be exchanged as I was, he answers me with gibes and reproaches. Kleber and Murat have already spoken to him in the same sense. They say that your execution will be a disgrace to the

"That is exactly what I have been thinking. But how is it to be done while two armed men are standing over me, and the only way to Acre is swarming with your troops?"

"I have thought of a plan. It is very risky—"
"Never mind the risk. I would rather

"It is risky, but practicable. Your life will be saved by wine."

"By wine! If I were in a galloping consumption or bleeding to death, my life might conceivably be saved by some sound Bordeaux or good old port, but how wine is going to save me from being shot to-morrow morning passe

"All the same it will save you, M. le Capitaine, unless my plan miscarry, which God forbid! It may interest you to know that there is still corn in Egypt, and that a few bottles of it are in my own possession. But it is strictly reserved for special occasions and the sick of my regiment. This is a special occasion, and I place at your disposal wo bottles-"

"Don't talk nonsense, Lacluse; there "And don't you interrupt. mon ami. Wait until I have finished, and then give your opinion. I say that I place mission in our navy, and then escaped at your disposal two bottles. When the corporal returns I shall make him a little speech. I shall say that a few days ago you saved my life, and that, as I desire to render the remainder of yours as happy as possible, I am going to send you a good supper and two bottles of wine. When I speak of wine his eyes will glisten and his mouth will waterfor water has been the poor fellow's only drink since many months. And then I will ask him-since I cannot myself be present, having to be on duty in the trenches to-night-to do the honors and give you all the indulgence in his power compatible with your safe-keeping, and to eat with you a little supper and drink with you a bottle of wine. He will do it, of course. He would sell his soul to the devil for a bottle of wine and think he had made an excellent bargain. One of the bottles will be Medoc, the other Chateau-Lafitte. The Lafitte is for you, naturally, the Megoc for him; he will be quite content with it-and take care you let him drink it. Don't touch the Medoc though he asks you. You have a delicate stomach. Lafitte agrees with you, Medoc does not. Do you begin to understand now, my friend?"

'The Medoc will be doctored." "Precisely. The wine destined for M. le Caporal will be slightly sophisticated. I shall put into it a quantity of laudanum, which I have already obtained from our regimental doctor for a neuralgic face-ache that makes my nights hideous; and very soon after the corporal has drunk his wine he will be so fast asleep that old Djezzar might cut off his head without wakening him. And then, without losing a minutehere, take this dagger; it is doubleedged, and as sharp as a razor-without losing a minute, you will slash a hole not be at the same time both prisoner | in the canvas of the tent and step out-

"So far, good. The plan is ingenious and feasible-for getting out of the tent. But how am I to get into Acre? Thousands of soldiers and a few miles of trenches bar the way."

"You will not go by the trenches. You will make straight for the sea shore. The road thither is comparatively descried, and for a very good reason: your ships are continually sweeping it with their guns. You may meet a few soldiers or be challenged by a sentry; but if you pass on unconcernedly I don't think they will trouble you. Can you swim?"

'Till further orders." "Well, then, assuming that you pass the gauntlet, all you have to do is to walk into the water and swim to the nearest English ship-the one at anchor

opposite the fresh water lake." The Kangaroo! I do believe that I shall sleep in my own state-room tonight, after all. If I do, I shall owe you my life; and if I don't, I shall be just as much obliged to you as if I did." "It is one good turn for another. You

saved my life." "With very little trouble, and at no risk to myself. I hope this won't get you into trouble, Lacluse."

"How can it? I send a bottle of wine to a prisoner of war, who was my guest in Paris, and to whom I owe my life. There is nothing in the military code against that. And if the corporal, whose head, for no fault of his own, is unused to wine, takes a glass too much, ma foi, what can you say? There is not a soldier in the army who would not do the same, if he had the chance."

"Nevertheless I should be sorry for any harm to befall the corporal; he seems to be a good fellow."

"He will be placed under arrest and lose his grade, I dare say. But soldiers are at present too scarce with us to be shot-except by the enemy. Behold him! Now for our little comedy.

"So you have stretched your legs, corporal. Half an hour, exactly. Punctuality is a virtue second only to courage. I surrender my charge. The responsibility for the prisoner's safe-keeping now rests with you. Is it not so?" "Perfectly, mon chef. I know my duty, and I have my orders; and my

orders are to keep always an eye on him and take care that he does not slip through my fingers. My eye is on him -the eye of Corporal Cartouche; and if he slips through my fingers, sacrebleu! will forgive him.' "I am sure M. Roy does not contemplate anything so absurd. You may

make your mind easy on that score. don't know whether you are aware of it. corporal, but I am under a great obligation to this gentleman. When I was taken last week he prevented the Turks from slicing off my head, and afterwards got me exchanged. It is a service that merits recognition." "Undoubtedly, mon chef-warm rec-

ognition." 'So I am going to send him a little supper from my quarters and two bot-

tles of wine." The corporal fell back a step, stretched out his arms, and looked as enraptured as if he beheld a Heavenly "Two bottles of wine! Did I hear

aright? Two bottles of wine? Why, for two bottles of wine I would almost take the place of this gentleman." "One of them is for you, corporal." "For me! Are you serious, M. le Chef le Bataillon? Excuse me for seeming

to doubt your word: but it is almost too

good to be true." "There is a bottle of Medoc for you and a bottle of Lafitte for M. Roy. As I have to be on duty in the trenches, I cannot be present; so I have to ask you, corporal, to do the honors. I want you the same attention as if he were your own guest. All the same you will keen your eye on him and take care that he does not slip through your fingers."

TO BE CONTINUED. "I am glad Iowa has so vigorous tramp law," said the Chicago man.

"It may drive 'em over into Illinois, and that will increase our population." -Harner's Bazar.

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BLAINE'S POLITICAL RECORD.

It is certain that the people will generally recognize that in the death of James G. Blaine they have lost the best public man the republican party ever gave them. Lincoln only excepted.
"It is not always the very best men

who are the very best in their relations to the people," said the late S. S. Cox, and though the truth of the assertion is in one sense open to serious question, it is unquestionably true in another. With all his weaknesses; with the love of money, the unbridled desire of acquisition that so degraded the character of Grant, Blaine had redeeming virtues that made it possible for him to render the country greater service than any republican has rendered it since the accession of Andrew Johnson.

At a time when the radicalism of the sans-cullottes of the French reign of terror was the dominating influence at Washington Blaine showed a real patriotism that is the best feature of his career. When Ben Butler, as the Marat of the Jacobins, was leading them on to complete the utter spoliation of the south by making it permanently a subject territory, it was Blaine who saved his party from this great crime and his country from this crowning misfortune. And again when Harrison and Lodge attempted to carry out what Butler had failed in it was Blaine who again threw his influence against it and defeated it. In a time when sectionalism made any measure of tyranny seem justifiable to a majority of the republican party Blaine was one of the very few leaders of the party who showed that he had any feeling of patriotism for the old union as it existed in the days when all just government was supposed to depend on the consent of the governed. The faults in Blaine's character may

be briefly disposed of. He became prominent in his party at a time when its public men were engaged in desperate attempts to get rich as fast as possible without being at all particular about the means. There were notable exceptions to this rule, but unfortunately Blaine was not one of them. He gave way to the influences that surrounded him, and the very best that can be said of him in this respect is that his desire for sudden wealth made him the victim of knaves who used him as long as they could, and when they could do so no longer disgraced him. Had he been as much of a scoundrel as were many of the men associated with him at Washington this could not have happened. He could have avoided exposure and used the rascals around him instead of allowing them to use him. Undoubtedly Blaine expected to do this, but he did not know himself or he would never have attempted it. He never lost his conscience or his sense of shame, while the men who fastened themselves upon him have repeatedly shown in their treatment of him and in their general conduct that they had neither shame nor conscience

As a public man Blaine was distincty and confessedly an imitator of Henry Clay. He hoped to revive Clay's policies, to identify himself with them, and through them to succeed where Clay had failed. But Clay's failure was his failure also. Had Blaine been a radical he might have been president, but he could not have been a genuine radical, no matter how hard he had tried. Like every other prominent man in the republican party, he was often compelled to make radical professions, but he never seemed able to successfully imitate seriousness in them except in his own personal disappointment. His defeat for the presidency did make him fiercely radical for a time, but he could not remain so, and in a little while he was as willing to make compromises as ever. In this he was more like Clay than he ever was in his most carefully studied imitations—as in his imitation of Clay's tariff policy, for instance. It was only in this that Blaine showed himself a sectionalist. Clay with his tariff hoped to build up industries throughout the country. Any tariff of Blaine's making would have been a tariff for New England at the expense

of the rest of the country. But for Blaine's patriotism his party might have deliberately forced a reof his associates and he shaped his own course so as to avoid them and to save the country from them. For this the country owes him much. Had he been elected president he would have done nothing to disturb the people of any section. He would have done his best to reunite the people of all sections, and he would have shown what was, in its way, certainly a sincere patriotism. But he would almost certainly have forced a foreign war, bringing with it new misfortunes that no statesmanship can foresee—that no statesmanship ought to risk where the risk is to be

Intellectually Mr. Blaine was no doubt the superior of any republican now alive. In intellect, compared to such small brigadiers as are the present leaders of the party, he was as Pelion to a wart. He foresaw the evils they were bringing on the party and attempted to change the party course, is nothing. That is what x is equivabut the brigadiers were too much for

As a politician Blaine was essentialy a civilian. He had no use for shoulder straps in government. He believed in the possibilities of self-government by the people without the naintenance of a military caste of any kind as a part of the controlling influence of the government. This, which may have been more an instinct or a feeling than a belief with him, had no little to do with defeating him for the presidency. Had he been a brigadier like Harrison he might have been president as the nominee of a party controlled by the joint agencies of pretorianism and plutocracy.-St. Louis Republic.

HONORING CLEVELAND. Republican Comments on His Attendance

at Hayes' Funeral.

As the days pass it becomes evident that President-elect Cleveland touched a chord of universal sympathy in his Graphic (rep.). journey to Fremont to attend the last rites in honor of ex-President Hayes thing to do that it did not at first appear how strange it might seem to the partisan mind, accustomed to weigh every act of a public man with reference-to his party affiliations and as a ence-to his party affiliations and as a while congressmen admit that the re-

ns to have a knack of ap

Even the New York Tribune, which has never been fair to Mr. Cleveland except where it could print a bitter assault on his party—as has happened times not a few to be sure-rec the beauty of his action without slurring it. It says that "he would not have been criticised had he consulted is own convenience and comfort and contented himself with communicating to the family of the deceased ex-president the ordinary formal assurances of his sympathy without putting himself to the trouble of making the journey to attend the funeral in person." And it further savs:

"He has done with modesty and dignity and at considerable sacrifice of personal ease and comfort a very gracious and becoming act, for which all American citizens who have pride in their country, its history and its rulers, and all men everywhere who believe in that common humanity which at the edge of the grave forgets all unkindness, will hold him in high honor. It may be but a little thing, but it is one of these little things that go a long way toward smoothing out the differences that make so many misunderstandings in the world."

The New York Recorder has a simi

lar commendation: "President-elect Cleveland has per formed a gracious act in making during this inclement season a long journey to Ohio for the purpose of attending the obsequies of ex-President Hayes. It is an act of delicate official and personal courtesy which every American gentleman will commend, no matter to what party he belongs. President Hayes will not be ranked among the great men who have held the first office of the republic, but he was one of the very best of them, and his administration from many points of view was a model one. This, however, is not the question now. It is whether one of the most distinguished of our countrymen, who held the loftiest position an American can hold, shall not be honored in death as his public service and his private life deserved. President-elect Cleveland has answered that question for himself; has answered it in his private as well as his public capacity. All honor to

And the Philadelphia Press takes the tribute of Mr. Cleveland as a text for reviewing the history of Hayes' entrance on the presidency, recognizing the fact that Tilden's election in 1876 was and is an article of faith with honest and patriotic men, relating briefly the signal triumph of free institutions in the settlement of the question and

saying: icars of both parties were almost prepared to apologize for the noblest act in our recent history. President-elect Cleveland has shown a just appreciation of its character. His attendance at the grave of ex-President Haves is one of those noble and significant acts for which men live in history, and by which they make history. Elected president by one of the largest majorities known in a round century of presidential elections, he has, by a step as full of personal consideration as it is replete with broad patriotism, affirmed his allegiance and loyalty to those enduring principles of law on which states rest and by which alone commonwealths are great."

Quotations from other journals might be added to these to the same effect, but these are enough to show the striking impression which Mr. Cleveland's simple and unpretentious action, in accordance with the dictates of his own direct and honest character and tender feeling, has made upon the people without distinction of party. A genuine character has only to act itself out to win the approval of the world.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

-Mr. Blaine was wanting in some of the higher attributes of leadership. newal of civil war. He was aware of He compelled admiration, but he did the dangers inherent in the radicalism not inspire confidence. Men applauded, but they did not trust him. Many loved him. Few feared him.-N. Y.

World. -Mr. Harrison has hit upon a new scheme for keeping the republican boys in snug berths. He has begun to change around the consuls so that they may receive new and lately dated commissions. But nobody will be deceived .-- N. Y. World

--- A party has about reached the depths of self-stultification when it indorses Stephen B. Elkins for United States senator, which is what the West Virginia republican party has done. It is doubtful if ever so wholly unworthy a man was nominated for this high office. - Indiana State Sentinel.

-There is probably no longer any doubt that the republicans were beaten last November. Their great statistician, the New York Peck, is now merely a pint, which, the school books tell us. lent to when Peck equals x; and Peck without office, equals only x. Q. E. I -Louisville Courier-Journal.

-The president's appointment of his private secretary, Lije Halford, as paymaster in the army with the rank of major, is creating a good deal of dissatisfaction among army officers. Men old in the service think that they should receive recognition when plums of this kind are being passed around, and they are right. - Detroit Free Press. -Commissioner of Pensions Raum

has informed the deficiency sub-committee of the house that his first estimate for pension deficiencies (\$10,000,-000) had proved to be far from equivalent, and that at least \$13,800,000 would be needed to balance the pension appropriation and the actual requirements of the pension office. The burdens borne by the people of the United States for pension purposes of all kinds is surely and rapidly developing into a national scandal.—Chicago

-The attempted senatorial caucus It was so entirely meet and natural a tion of repealing the Sherman silver ence-to his party affiliations and as a means of making party capital. But Mr. Cleveland's way of never thinking of that as the first aim and object of every act was again justified, as it has so often before been justified. As that very independent republican paper, the Philadelphia Telegraph, observes:

"This plain, blunt man, without any of the erdinary frills so often attached to mos in publican."

"Lican blundering and cowardice, and while congressmen admit that the repeal of the Sherman act would be to the interest of the country, they evidently prefer to dump as heavy a load of their own sins as possible upon the incoming democratic administration. This may be politica, but it is a very unpatriotic species of politica.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Either law and order or anarchy must prevail, and there can be no compressed to the district attorney of Lamar county in which he says:

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THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.-R. G. Dunn. Co.'s weekly review of trade this

etary uncertainties are excused by tinued outgo of gold, but the pass antioption bill by the senate has he upon the market as yet.

Trade at Boston is good and the fed dent. Cotton goods are strong, the full of orders, and the woolen mill pied for months to come while

though conditions are promising. apolis and St. Paul trade is fair, good and money in good demand. At a ville prospects are encouraging; at ville business is good, and at ville improving, with money in demand. At Little Rock collections are demand. At Little Rock collections are slow, and many planters are carries over, but the general trade is very satisfactory with good prospects. Business at New Orleans is very quiet, with money in good demand and easy. Cotton is in good demand, and trade in rice improving. The wonderful demand for textile fabrics is unabated. For brown and blacehold cottons the market is said to be the bleached cottons the market is said to be best for twenty years, and some make

sheetings had advanced.

The trade in low and medium grades omen's woolens is about closing at the time when it usually is opening, and on the whole the demand for goods is less strong, possibly in anticipation the tariff changes, the general tendency is clearly toward greater economy is manufacture. The demand for dress-goods continues very large, and the knit dress-goods trade, especially in underwear, is unprecedented. The sale of wool at the three chief markets have been 30,600,000, against chief markets have been 30,600,000, 25,000,000 last year, thus far, the increa 23 per cent. Trade in boots and shoe active, shipments for the year thus far, ing to 300,000 cases, against 258,000 l Prices for manufactured products of iron and steel are depressed beyond all precedent, but nevertheless sales continue remarkably large, and the volume of business greater than in any

The stagnation in steel rails has been bro

The stagnation in steel rails has been broken by the placing of orders for 60,000 tons by the Pennsylvania railway, and in plates orders for 20,000 tons have been placed for the Crampe at Pittsburgh mills, though at very low prices. Large structural contracts have also been placed for buildings in New York.

The uncertainty about the monetary future retards business engagements, but in other respects trade is most satisfactory, and perhaps all the more safe and healthy for the feeling of caution that prevails.

all the more sale and healthy to the country during the past seven days not ber, for the United States 255, and for Cans 46; or a total of 301, as compared with a total of 205 last week, and 332 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 319.

SCHWEINFURTH'S DUPE.

Mrs. Dancy Anderson, A Wealthy Ken-tucky Widow Turns Her Home Into a Branch "Heaven."

LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 4.-Mrs. Dancy Anderson, a wealthy middle-aged widow residing 4 miles from the city on a fine farm, became a convert to Schweinfurth, the Rockford (III.) "Christ," about a year ago. Great excitement has been caused

when it became known that she had turned her palatial home into a branch heaven or sanctuary for the worship of the new Christ. A number of female converts have taken up their residence at the Ander-

son place, while others from this city go out daily to worship.

All of those interested in the new religion are of the best families in the blue grass section. It is told, without contradiction, that Mrs. Anderson has sent Schweinfurth not less than \$10,-000 during the last year with which to carry on his "heaven" at Rockford. The

sect seems to be gaining quite a foot-hold among the believers of Christian Science in this section. NEW AND NOVEL

The Telegraph Blank Swindle Worked on Hobsler Farmers.

PERU, Ind., Feb. 4.—The telegraph blank swindle is being most successfully worked on the farmers of the northern part of this state. Thus far they have eluded detection, and the amount of money gathered is very

The simple plan of a stranger dashing up to the house of the farmer on horseback and collecting tolls ranging from \$3 to \$5 for a supposedly sick relative is followed. The mistake of the farmer is not dis-

covered until arrival at the home of the relative. In nino-tenths of the cases it. has been successfully worked.

Stove by an Ice Floo and Seat to the

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.-Impeled by the stiff northwest winds a huge floe of ice bore down upon the steamer Transfer tied to the Lake View crib. Thursday night and stove a huge hole in her bow, sinking her almost instantly. Thirty men were on board at the time and a lively scramble for the crib ensued, the last man reaching the crib just as she went down. No one re-ceived any serious injury further than a severe ducking in the ley water, but the men lost everything except what they wore.

Austin, Tex., Feb. 4.—Reports in different dailles in the